





Volunteer In the Legionary Air Force

As Remembered by Giulio Verro

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During the period when I was in training at the Airport Base of Forli, the civil war had been going on for some time in another European country of Spain. First, the Spanish communists got rid of the king and established the Republic. Their government had strong opposition from the noncommunist-minded citizens. General Franco¹ began fighting the Republic government from the territory of Spanish Morocco,² where there was a military revolt against the government of Madrid. Franco used mercenary troops of the Foreign Legion, who were all volunteers, and as he was conquering Spanish territory he was drafting young Spanish men to serve in his army.

Right from the beginning Italian Duce Benito Mussolini had supported General Franco, who wanted to establish a fascist regime in Spain. And German Fuhrer Adolf Hitler³ was also sympathetic to the cause of General Franco. But according to international agreements they could not officially interfere with the civil war in another country and send their regular troops to Spain. They found a way to help Franco by sending servicemen from their armed forces as "volunteers" in the Foreign Legion. It was not a secret that this was going on, but the international community, which was not too happy with the communist takeover in Spain, was allowing the masquerade to go on.

Only the Soviet Union, France, and Czechoslovakia openly supported the communist government in Spain. Through the ports of France, which had a very permissive policy, these countries were helping the Republican communist government with volunteers, arms, and military supplies. The International Brigades formed from idealistic volunteers and adventurers from France and other countries joined the Republican side to fight. Garibaldi's battalion within the International Brigade included Italian antifascists in exile.

At the military airport of Forli it was known that several squadrons of the Italian Air Force had already served and returned from Spain. Among the first squadrons who volunteered were the famous squadrons called Sorci Verdi⁴ and "The Dragoons of Death." Their fame was used for propaganda purposes as an example to be followed by the other squadrons. Therefore, we were not surprised when in the first week of November 1937 our formation was called for an assembly in a hangar and we were presented with the choice of going to Spain as volunteers. We were offered higher pay, an experience in real warfare, and an opportunity to earn extra

hours of flight in combat.

The commander of our squadron, Captain de Cecco, was the first to volunteer and was followed by almost all airmen from our squadron, with the exception of a few who were substituted with volunteers from the other squadrons.

Pierin Panzeri and I didn't think too long about it; politically we were unsophisticated, and we volunteered too. Young as we were, an adventure appealed to us and, after the monotony of the established routine at the base, we were ready to finally get into real action. An additional incentive was the chance to see new places and have fun with extra money in our pockets.

Another squadron from our formation followed our example, which completed a group of two squadrons ready to go to Spain.

Before departure most of our airmen were promoted. As a specialist radiotelegrapher I was promoted to the rank of Aviere Scelto,⁵ as it is listed in our Airplane Number 4 "Book of Station,"⁶ which remained in my possession.

As radiotelegrapher one of my duties was to keep a record of all Airplane Number 4 missions. From the entries I was able to reconstruct the exact dates, times and targets of our squadron's military missions for that period and I found many details of our flights during our campaign in Spain. For easy reference, I kept the names of towns, islands, and other geographical names in Spanish as they were recorded at that time. I found additional information from the records of my military service in the "Excerpts of Peacetime Flights"⁷ and in the "Excerpts of Wartime Flights"⁸ that were verified and signed by the commandant of our squadron, Captain Pilot G. De Cecco.

In the "Book of Station" my entries started in Forli on February 24, 1937. On the very top of the page dated November 12, 1937, which was the day of our departure for Spain, I wrote in Spanish *Todo per la Patria*⁹ and underlined it, as if I intended it to serve as a title for the entries that would follow. All entries at that time were written in a code that was changed often and I couldn't decipher now. However, starting on the day of our departure from the Military Airport of Forli, parts of the records were written in plain Italian.

The commander of our group of two squadrons was Cornell Drago. The takeoff from the Airport of Forli was sharp at 10:00 in the morning. The commandant of our squadron, Captain Pilot G. De Cecco, was piloting our Savoia S.81 heavy bomber; Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano was the Second Pilot. In one hour and twenty minutes we landed at the Airport of Montecelio in Rome.

In one week our group had undergone a complete metamorphosis from being airmen in the Italian Air Force to being civilians and volunteers in the Foreign Legion. Our squadron changed its name and number from the 192nd Squadron of Terrestrial Bombardment of the Italian Air Force to 251st Squadron of Terrestrial Nocturnal Bombardment in the Legionary Air Force.

Our airplanes also changed their insignia. The insignia of the Italian Air Force, the national tricolor green-white-and-red stripes, on the rudder of the tail were removed and in its place the insignia of the Legionary Air Force, the black cross of Saint Andrew, was painted.

For the duration of the travel from Italy to Spain all airmen had to wear civilian clothing and they all had received civilian passports with fictitious last names, while the first names remained the same. I was given a passport in the name of Giulio Villani.

At 10:50 on the morning of November 20, 1937 our group of two squadrons, the 251st and 252nd, of four planes each, took off from Monticello Airport. On route we had only coded communications with the ground bases and with the airplane of the commandant of our group Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano. He ordered our Pilot Captain de Cecco to fly over the clouds at the altitude of 2,500 meters.

At 12:36 in the afternoon we landed on the Island of Sardinia¹⁰ at the large Military Airport of Elmas, where we stayed overnight and refueled our airplanes. The next morning on November 21 at 10:30 our group took off from the Airport of Elmas in a westerly direction toward the Balearic Islands.¹¹ Our final destination was the Spanish military airport on the Island of Mallorca¹² that was already under control of the National Army of General Franco. On route we had only coded communications and were flying at an altitude of 4,500 meters. That afternoon, after three hours and forty minutes of flight, we landed at the military airport of San Bonnet on the Island of Mallorca.

The military airport of San Bonnet was located on the outskirts of the small hamlet San Bonnet, about a half-hour bus-ride from the town of Palma de Mallorca. The living quarters for the legionnaires of our XXV Group B.N.13 were in the school next to the airport. All accommodations were already there as they had been left by another group of Italian legionnaires who had recently returned home.

As soon as we arrived, we were given khaki uniforms with an emblem of Legionary Air Force wings. We were all given new documents in exchange for our Italian passports. I was issued a military ID Card Number 7985, for the United Legionary Air Force in the name of Giulio Villani, Cabo Radiotelegrafista.¹⁴ It was stamped with an official seal of the General Command of the Balearic General Staff¹⁵ and authorized the bearer free movement in the territory occupied by the National Army and an authorization to bear arms.

Our two squadrons, the 251st and 252nd, belonged to the XXV Group of Heavy Bombardment named "Pipistrelli"¹⁶ and its command headquarters were stationed on the continental part of Spain that was already occupied by the National Army.

To distinguish our two squadrons from the rest of the group we were called "Pipistrelli delle Baleari."¹ We had assignments of flying the nocturnal bombardments, or B.N. missions, on those nights when there was enough moonlight to provide us with visibility of the targets on the ground, while providing us with the safety of the darkness in the sky. Our Savoia S.81 three-engine heavy bombers were too slow for a daytime bombardment when we could have been an easy target for the enemy fighter airplanes in the sky and the antiaircraft guns from the ground.

The other Italian Air Force squadrons who were also camouflaged as a Legionary Air Force did the daytime bombardment missions. They had Savoia S.79 bombers, which at that time were considered to be the best in Europe for speed and maneuverability for the daytime bombardments.

Also on the Island of Mallorca at the Airport of Son San Juan another Italian squadron of CR.32 Caccia Rosarelli fighter airplanes was stationed and in the harbor of Palma de Mallorca was the base of one Italian submarine; both masqueraded as legionary units of the National Armed Forces. The command headquarters of these units were located in the city of Palma de Mallorca and all officers lived there in hotels.

On November 25, 1937, after only four days since our arrival here, we made a two-and-a-half hour reconnaissance flight over the coast of Ibiza, the Island of Formetera, Cape San Antonio, and the Island of Columbretes at an altitude of 2,500 meters. Major Pilot Fiore was in command of our plane. Thereafter we had a two-week span of no flights, as recorded in the "Book of Station." During that period we settled in our living quarters and completed maintenance on our airplanes and equipment, getting everything ready for the air bombardments.

On December 7, 1937 the Reds bombarded the city of Palma de Mallorca.¹⁷ Most bombs fell on the residential area of the city, damaging houses. Their targets probably were the general staff headquarters of the Balearic and the command headquarters of the Legionary Air Force, both located in the city. When Pierin and I visited the city after the bombardment, we saw some of the buildings destroyed by the bombs. As a souvenir I asked our Air Force photographer to give me several photographs made by him immediately after the air raid. For us it was the first glimpse of the destructive power of bombs.

On December 8, 1937 we were ordered to get ready for our first bombardment. It was a daytime mission. Our target was the Airfield of Mahon on the island of Minorca. We had on board ten 100-kilogram bombs. Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano was in command of the patrol. The takeoff was at 11:40¹⁸ in the morning. Weather was good with 5/10 cloudiness. On board everything was well. At 12:31 we reached our target and dropped the bombs. Our airplane was hit with three splinters of antiaircraft shells, which made holes toward the tail. This was the only daytime bombardment that we made during the Spanish campaign. We learned right away that the other side, the Republicans, or as they were more commonly called the Reds, had and knew how to use the antiaircraft guns.

The next few days we stayed on the ground, repaired the holes in our airplane, completed routine maintenance on our radio equipment, and changed batteries. Pierin and I took a bus to Palma de Mallorca. The weather was good and we explored the town, visited some sites of recent bombardment, and found the movie theater and a coffee house where we could play billiards.

On the morning of December 11, 1937 we made a short fifteen-minute flight from the airport of San Bonnet to the Airport of Son San Juan and back. Then the same evening we were ordered to get ready for the second bombardment under the command of Captain Pilot de Cecco. This

time our target was Barcelona. We had on board ten 100-kilogram bombs. The takeoff was at 17:30. Weather was good. At 18:10 all was on board. We were flying at an altitude of 4,000 meters and dropped the bombs from that height. It was a long two-and-a-half-hour nocturnal flight over territory unknown to us. We safely landed at 19:50.

The next day, on December 12, we made two routine flights from the Airport of San Bonnet to the Airport of Son San Juan and back. The rest of the week that followed we stayed on the ground. Probably the nocturnal visibility on the ground was not sufficient either from the moonlight, or from excessive cloudiness, and was not favorable for flying nocturnal bombardment missions.

We had plenty of time to rest and get to know the city of Palma de Mallorca and its places of entertainment. This time we stayed there until late at night. We went to a cafe tabarain called Il Trocadero, a place that was recommended to us by the other legionaries, where wine was good and there was light entertainment with music and dance. One could also find there young women who kept company with legionaries and showered the lonely young men with attention. When Pierin and I walked in, a young woman by the name of Pachita sat at our table, chatted with us, and we treated her with wine. That week we also went to the movies where legionaries were admitted free of charge and could sit in the first rows of the theater.

On December 19, 1937 we received an order to get ready for our third bombardment. Our target was again Barcelona. We had on board ten bombs of 100 kilograms each. The patrol was under the command of Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano. Takeoff was at 19:53. We flew at an altitude of 4,000 meters. At 21:15 we reached the target and dropped bombs on Barcelona. There was a grand fire on the coast. I counted seven searchlights that were hunting us. Numerous anti-aircraft guns were aiming at us, but their shots were completely off target. However, the fiery trajectories were spectacular. We returned to the base without any incidents and landed safely.

On December 22, 1937 it was my twenty-second birthday. We were ordered to get ready to fly that night. It was our fourth bombardment. This time the target was Valencia. We were carrying twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. The commandant of the patrol was again Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano. Takeoff was at 23:30. On board everything was regular. At 00:20 we were flying at an altitude of 3,450 meters. I reported again that all was fine on board. However, one could not see anything under us but an enormous screen of clouds. Valencia was covered with clouds but there was one small window of clearance. At 00:55 we reached the target and dropped the

bombs. I counted ten searchlights that were persistently searching under the clouds. There were numerous anti-aircraft artillery; their shots exploded illuminating, or rather reddening, the clouds underneath us. Their effect was magnificent, but my "funk meter" measuring a degree of fear was marking high on the scale of 100. I had the impression of seeing a monoplane just above the clouds and we ran immediately toward the machine guns, but we didn't have to use them. At 01:35 we were navigating by radio beacon. So far everything was well. We landed at 02:20. It was a night that would not be forgotten because our Airplane Number 2 got lost over the sea. It found the island after six hours in flight.

The next five days we again stayed on the ground because of bad weather. We celebrated Christmas at Il Trocadero together with some members of our crew. There were Bombardier Sergeant-Major Armita, First Flight Engineer Sergeant-Major Campello, Second Flight Engineer Sergeant-Major Trevisano, Gunner First Airman Guidi, and radiotelegraphers Select Airman Pierin Panzeri and I, Select Airman Giulio Verro. And there were many other members of our group from Pierin's airplane crew, whose names I don't recall now. We drank plenty of Spanish wine, enjoyed music, dancing, and the company of women. The same young woman, Pachita, began to show too much interest in me, almost courting me, but I didn't care much about her.

The same week we were advised not to visit Il Trocadero again. It was brought to the attention of our officers that many of the patrons of Il Trocadero were either suspected communists or their sympathizers, or maybe their spies. Our superiors worried about our personal safety, but the possibility of revealing information about the targets of our missions was also an important concern; divulging that information would endanger the whole patrol during the bombardment missions.

Only on December 28 we had a two-hour daytime visual reconnaissance flight with Major Pilot Fiore over the Cape of Saint Antonio on the Spanish coast. We were flying at an altitude of 3,450 meters. With the overcast sky and some drizzle we traveled between one cloud and another. For the next few days the cloudy weather continued and we stayed on the ground.

On December 30, 1937 we had an aborted mission. It was an attempted bombardment. Our target was Barcelona. We had on board fourteen bombs of 50 kilograms each. The takeoff was at 04:00. After fifteen minutes of flight we had to return to the base because of the adverse atmospheric conditions of haze and cloudiness. We landed at 04:30 with all the cargo of bombs on board. It was dangerous landing and, although we trusted our pilot, Lieutenant Terracciano, we were holding our breath until the last second when we stopped.

The bad weather allowed us again to celebrate the New Year. I had discovered on Dei Sindacati Street a very small pastry shop where one could buy pastries and a glass of Malaga or Sherry wine and have refreshment in the shop. In addition to these delights of the palate, I found another attraction, a young and gentle salesgirl by the name Margarita. She was about my age, slim and tall, with black hair and dark eyes. I got a big crush on her and began to patronize the pastry shop on every occasion I could get into town.

Only on January 7, 1938 the weather allowed us to fly again. It was our fifth bombardment. Our target was the railway and road junction of Estivello at the Mount of Sagunto. We were carrying ten bombs of 100 kilograms each. The commander of the patrol was Major Pilot Fiore. Takeoff was at 16:30. Everything was regular on board; weather was good. In the "Book of Station" I wrote: "It is a magnificent evening. I am admiring the sunset from 3,000 meters over the sea. Far away the sky is purple-red. We have the enemy coast in sight. At 18:05 we reached our objective. There is complete calm on the target. The anti-aircraft guns of first line of defense began shooting at us at the coast. Some were excellent shots. I saw also shots from a machine gun that resembled flying red chestnuts. There were only three searchlights. We dropped the bombs from an altitude of 1000 meters. Mission accomplished. We are returning to the base. We landed at 20:30."

We had only two days for maintenance on our airplane and equipment and two nights to rest. On January 11, 1938 we were ordered to get ready for the sixth bombardment. Our mission was bombardment and machine gun fire at a low altitude on a span of the road Teruel to Sagunto. On board we had fifty-six bombs of 15 kilograms each. The commander of the mission was Major Pilot Fiore. Takeoff was at 17:15. It was hazy at the horizon, illuminated by the last rays of sunset. We followed the same route as on the previous mission to Sagunto. At 18:55 we dropped the bombs. There was a long column of military trucks, which we showered with two hundred rounds of machine gun fire. We hit the mark very well from an altitude of 700 meters. Very strange, there was not even one searchlight. It was a long flight of three hours. We landed at 20:15.

On January 12, 1938 we flew a reconnaissance by sight in the morning at the coast of Ibiza with Second Lieutenant Pilot Pini and in the afternoon made a short flight from San Bonnet to Son San Juan with Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano.

On January 13, 1938 we were ordered to get ready to fly the seventh bombardment mission. Our

targets were two bridges leading from Almasora toward Segunto. On board we had four bombs of 250 kilograms each. The commander of our patrol was Second Lieutenant Pilot Rotolo. Takeoff was at 19:30. On the island the weather was mediocre. At 19:45 we had lost sight of the head of the patrol while navigating in a dense bank of clouds at an altitude of 1,100 meters. At 19:55 the head of the patrol was still not visible and we feared that he might have returned to the base, but we haven't received any notice or orders from the base. We continued on our route. The sky was now clear and visibility near the target was very good. At 21:00 we dropped the bombs. From the ground there was no resistance, not even one shot from antiaircraft guns. As we were returning to the base the cloudiness increased. At 22:10 we were over the island, but the airfield was not visible because of very low clouds. At 22:15 the airfield had become illuminated and we landed.

On January 15th we flew from San Bonnet to Son San Juan and the next day to Salines with Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano. For the next five days we were on the ground servicing our planes and equipment. I had time to make several visits to the pastry shop. Between one customer and another I could exchange a few words with Margarita. She told me that both of her brothers were drafted, one by the Republican Army, or the Reds as they were called, and another by the National Army of General Franco. She was worrying about them, especially about the one who was with the Reds because the family hadn't had any news from him for a long time.

On January 21, 1938 we received orders to get ready for the eighth bombardment mission. The target was the line of communication and the road from Valencia to Cullena.¹⁹ On board were twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. We had seven persons aboard; among them were Cornell Martire from the headquarters and our group commander, Lieutenant Cornell Drago. Takeoff was at 03:00. It was a long flight to the target at an altitude of 3,600 meters. We attacked the city at 05:05. There were no searchlights or antiaircraft shelling. We found complete calm on the ground. Far away I could see a huge fire maybe caused by the previous daytime bombardment.

The next day, on January 22, 1938, we were ordered to fly again. It was our ninth bombardment mission. The target was the Port of Valencia. We had on board twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Our pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano. Takeoff was at 03:25. We reached the target at 04:10. This time we had an excellent reception. The alarm was given before we reached the city. There were eight searchlights and numerous antiaircraft guns. Nevertheless, willing or unwilling, we had to drop the bombs over the searchlights and get out in a hurry. At 04:20 we were on our way to the base. Everything went all right. The searchlights touched us in crossing the sky without noticing our plane and did not provide the antiaircraft guns with the target. The big fire that I had noticed the night before was still burning in full force. It was again a very long flight. We returned to the base as the dawn was breaking, revealing magnificent Aurora over the sea.

We had the next twelve nights without flying bombardment missions. Probably it was a period without moonlight. However, we made several daytime flights with Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano from San Bonnet to Son San Juan and to Salinas. We serviced our planes and equipment and I had plenty of time during the day to visit Margarita in the bakery shop. If my father could only see all those pastries that I was eating there, he would probably say that I completely forgot his preaching that eating sweets would ruin my teeth. Of course, at that time I was not thinking about that. I was content to have a few minutes of Margarita's attention between one customer and another. My courtship during that time was limited to seeing her in the shop and getting to know her better.

Meanwhile, Pierin and I had time in the evenings to play a few games of billiards in the small local coffee shop, to play cards in the lounge of our living quarters, or go to the movies. During the day we were also practicing with the soccer team and had competitions with the legionaries stationed at the Airport of Son San Juan. I also had time to write letters home and to read somewhat outdated Italian newspapers and magazines, which were arriving on the ships bringing the mail from Italy and replacement volunteers for those who were returning home. We also had time to improve our Spanish, which allowed us to communicate with the locals quite well with the help of some Italian words.

On February 8, 1938 we were notified to get ready for our tenth bombardment mission. The target was an industrial complex of high furnaces in Sagunto. We had on board ten mine bombs of 100 kilograms each. The pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano. Takeoff was at 17:20. The weather on the island was good, but there were massive white clouds on the horizon. Sunset was almost over. We were flying at an altitude of 3,000 meters toward the left of Valencia. The alarm in the city had been given well in advance of our arrival and stirred up very strong anti-aircraft reaction. In my judgment, this was the strongest reaction that we had seen so far. The shots were efficient at various altitudes. Ten potent searchlights were completing the spectacle. Therefore, we turned away from the city to find another way to approach the target. We reached the target at 18:50. On the ground there were three searchlights, one machine gun, and three anti-aircraft guns. We dropped the bombs and at 19:15 were on our way back to the base, but we lost contact with the leader of our air patrol and were flying by radio beam. Aboard, everything was regular. We landed at 20:20.

On February 10, 1938 at 6:25 in the morning we flew out to the sea on a visual reconnaissance mission to police enemy shores in the sector of Dragonera, Valencia, and Barcelona. The pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano. The sky was covered with clouds and it was drizzling. We were

flying at an altitude of 2,500 meters. At 7:21 the sky cleared up and we could see the Island of Corubrette far away. We returned and landed at 10:30.

After our last mission there were no entries in "The Book of Station" for twenty-four days. I don't recall the reason for it; maybe it was only our airplane grounded, or maybe it was due to bad weather and moonless nights. The warm spring weather allowed us to form soccer teams and we had plenty of time to practice on the green field of San Bonnet. Also this was probably the period when I had time to take Margarita to the movies and have some short walks with her. I was in love, but our relationship did not go beyond a few kisses and we exchanged photographs.

On March 2, 1938 we flew another visual reconnaissance mission over the sector of Dragonera, Valencia, and Barcelona, and on March 3 off the shores of Castellon de la Plana. On both missions the pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano.

On March 6, 1938 our mission was an intervention in the skies over the National Fleet during a naval battle. In "The Book of Station" I wrote: "Last night the Spanish ship 'Balears' was sunk. We are departing at about 7:00 in the morning to search for the enemy fleet. We have only three airplanes each carrying five 100 kilograms bombs. On my airplane we have Commandant of our Group Cornell Drago and Cornell of the Spanish National Air Force. At takeoff the weather was very good. At 9:20 we discern in the distance a group of five warships. One in the center is probably the ship 'Canarias' and the others placed around in a circle should be the English inspection ships. There is also a large oil spot visible on the water's surface. At 9:30 we were flying at an altitude of 2,500 meters. The ships made a warning sign with one minute of antiaircraft fire in our direction. We have to turn toward the open sea. There is no sign of the Red Fleet. The large mass of clouds under us interfered with visibility for a while. Then it cleared up and we were able to observe the Red coast. It was very possible that the Red ships found refuge at the port of Cartagena and we could not find them. We landed at the base at 10:30 with the load of bombs on board."

On March 11, 1938 we flew a reconnaissance mission with Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano to the Islands of Columbrette and Alcocebre. Visibility was mediocre from an altitude of 4,300 meters.

After three days, the nocturnal visibility improved and we were ordered on March 15, 1938 to fly the eleventh bombardment mission. The target was a coastal road, Vinaroz to Torreblanca, in the direction of Saint Carlos. We were carrying twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. On board

we had the Commandant of our Group Lieutenant Cornell Drago. Two air patrols departed before us carrying bombs of 250 kilograms each for the famous bridges of Sagunto. At 20:15 we took off toward our target. It was a magnificent evening with a full moon. At 21:20 we reached the target. There was complete calm on the ground and no anti-aircraft reaction. We accomplished our mission from an altitude of 1,000 meters without any interference from the ground. At 21:30 we were on our way to the base. We landed at 22:15.

The next night, on March 16, 1938, we were ordered to fly again. It was our twelfth bombardment. Lieutenant Cornell Drago was on our plane. Each airplane in our patrol was carrying four bombs of 250 kilograms each and propaganda leaflets²⁰ for the population. All this cargo had to be dropped on Barcelona. I wrote in "The Book of Station": "It will be the night of hell for this city. We have three patrols that should alternate in the attack on the city. All together about thirty-six bombs of 250 kilograms each will be dropped that should hit the target."

We took off at 22:00. The weather was excellent. We were flying at an altitude of 4,100 meters. At 23:20 we were over our target. The air raid warning was given a long time before our arrival. We attacked from hinterland to be in the right direction for the return to the base after dropping the bombs. There was a terrible reaction from the anti-aircraft artillery. The shells were exploding on all altitudes. There were thirteen very potent searchlights scouting the sky. Our bombs produced enormous blazes. At 23:30 we were on our way to our base without any damages to our planes.

On March 17, 1938 we were ordered to get ready to fly again. It was our thirteenth bombardment. Lieutenant Terracciano was piloting our plane. We had four bombs aboard of 250 kilograms each. Our target was again Barcelona. In "The Book of Station" I wrote my thoughts: "For sure, in this city there is a reign of terror. All day today the S.79ts flew there to drop bombs. Now there are two patrols of S.81ts in flight and we are the third patrol waiting to take off at 02:45. The weather is good and everything aboard is regular. We are flying at an altitude of 4,000 meters. At 04:00 we are over Barcelona. They were not tired yet of shooting at us from the ground. I counted the same thirteen searchlights and saw the same enormous blazes from our bombs. Poor city! It was only a short while ago that we landed and there are three S.79ts with their motors on, ready to start their turn."

March 18, 1938. We were flying again! It was our fourteenth bombardment. This time we were going in pursuit of the Red Troops' Command, which seems to be hiding at Tortosa. We had

aboard four bombs of 250 kilograms each and leaflets. Lieutenant Terracciano was piloting our plane. We took off at 01:45. Weather was good. It was a long flight and at 02:30 I wrote in "The Book of Station" my thoughts: "It is curious to observe how one passes the time on board before reaching the target. One of my friends is solving crossword puzzles; the other one is absorbed in reading an Italian political journal. Once in a while we sip cognac to fight the cold, which is very intense at the altitude of 4,000 meters. Each of us is doing whatever that he can find to do! At 03:20 we reached our target and dropped the bombs. On the ground is a lot of haziness and visibility is poor. We made a perfect hit on the target. Two bombs ended up exactly on the Provincial Road. There was a complete absence of anti-aircraft reaction. At 04:13 we landed on our base."

Almost three weeks from the last mission we were on the ground without flying. I think that this was the time when our command received a warning that the Reds were planning to bomb our airfield. The Soviet "volunteer" Air Force had already bombarded the Airport of Son San Juan before our group's arrival here. At that time, because of the advance warning, all fighter planes were removed from the airport ahead of time and saved. This time all our planes were moved to another small airport on the Island of Mallorca, and all airmen to the hotel on the beach of Manacor, where we waited until the threat of the expected bombardment was over. It was a false alarm, but our command didn't want to take chances of losing airplanes and servicemen. It was a good time to relax after our previous intensive bombardment missions and we all needed a change of pace.

On our return to the base we serviced our planes and equipment and had plenty of time to rest. I was glad to have an opportunity to visit Margarita more often in the pastry shop, but each time I found several suitors there, all Italian legionaries, competing with each other for her attention. As a salesgirl she had to smile at all customers; after all, the owners were interested in selling their baked goodies, but for the young men the pastries were not the only attraction that made them come to their shop. Of course, I saw this as being threatening to what I thought by this time was an established sentimental feeling between Margarita and me. I was returning to the base bothered by these apparently innocent occurrences that were putting me in a very jealous mood.

One afternoon I returned from the pastry shop to the base really upset with those whom I considered to be my rivals for Margarita's attention. I anticipated that sharing my problems with my friend Pierin would help me to get over my disappointment. Instead, I found him all excited and in a very good mood and I had to listen to his ideas about his girl. He had just received a letter with a photograph of his young madrina, as we called a soldier's godmother, a kind of a pen pal who adopted him when we left for Spain. From the first letters that he received from her

he became more and more interested in meeting her in person when he returned to Italy.

I also had a madrina who was writing to me, but I didn't have any particular interest in her. I was taken by the charm of Margarita and had no intention of giving her up. I continued to show up in the pastry shop each day when I could be free until it became obvious for some of the new suitors that Margarita favored me. But Margarita didn't like my being jealous and she told me that. In the following weeks our squadron resumed a very intensive schedule of bombardments and during that time I could not get to Palma di Mallorca to see Margarita.

On April 6, 1938 we made a daytime visual reconnaissance mission over the coast of Barcelona with Lieutenant Terracciano piloting the plane. On April 7, in the morning we flew to the Airport of Son San Juan and the same night we resumed nocturnal bombardment missions. It was our fifteenth bombardment. The target this time was a railroad station south of Tortosa and the railroad tracks between Ulldecona and Saint Barbara. We were carrying twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Takeoff was at 19:30. Cornell Drago was aboard our plane. It was still clear daylight. The weather was good with some haziness over the sea. We were flying at an altitude of 2,000 meters. At 20:40 we reached our target. It was a bombardment of average success as some bombs fell on the adjacent road. At 20:50 we were on our way to the base and we landed at 21:52.

The next morning, on April 8, 1938 at 08:45 we were in the air on a short visual reconnaissance mission over the Red coast of Cape Tortosa. Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano kept an altitude of 4,200 meters. The same evening of April 8, we were ordered for a nocturnal bombardment. It was our sixteenth bombardment. Again the target was south of Tortosa, the road and the railroad between Saint Barbara and Ulldecona. Again we were carrying twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Lieutenant Cornel Drago piloted the plane. Takeoff was at 19:30. The weather was good with some haziness over the sea. At 20:40 we reached the target and from an altitude of 1,400 meters dropped the bombs. On this night the action was brilliant. We had a hit right in the middle of the road and of the railroad tracks that were parallel. However, the last bombs fell on a small village. There was very scarce and inefficient reaction from the anti-aircraft guns. At 21:20 we were already flying back to the base. In "The Book of Station" I wrote: "It is a magnificent night and it is very impressive to see the reflection of this patrol of three aircraft in a wedge-shaped formation moving forward over a vast, liquid, and sometimes treacherous sea. But tonight the sea is calm, the full moon is illuminating our wings, and the mirrored image of our planes seems to be almost showing our way over calm distension of the water." At 22:00 we landed at the base.

The full moon nights had to be used as much as possible. And on April 9, 1938 we were ordered again to get ready to fly that night. It was our seventeenth bombardment. Once more our targets were the road and railroad south of Tortosa. Again we had the same load of twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Takeoff was at 19:30. We reached the target at 21:00 and from 1,000 meters of altitude started to drop the bombs. I had never assisted at such an exciting bombardment. Not one bomb was wasted. The road and the railroad tracks were hit for a length of two kilometers. In addition, two bombs ended on the railroad station and their explosion started a fire. It was still burning when we left the shores and were on our way toward the Island of Mallorca. We landed at 21:50.

We had three days of maintenance to our aircraft and equipment. Then on April 13, 1938 we were flying again. It was our eighteenth bombardment. The targets were the road and railroad tracks from Vinaroz toward Peniscola. We had the usual twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Lieutenant Cornel Drago was piloting our plane. Takeoff was at 21:00. Weather was mediocre, with lots of haziness and dense layers of clouds at 2,000 meters of altitude. This time we made two passes over the target at 1,200 meters of altitude, one at 22:15 and another one at 22:30. Aiming was mediocre; one bomb hit the Pier of Vinaroz. All planes landed at our base at 22:50.

On April 14, 1938 during the daytime we flew with Lieutenant Terracciano from San Bonet to Son San Juan and back and at night we were ordered for another nocturnal bombardment mission. It was our nineteenth bombardment. As on the previous night the target was at Vinaroz, the road to Saint Barbara. We had the same number and size of bombs. The pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano. The takeoff was at 21:30. The weather was stupendous and the moon was also magnificent. At 22:40 we dropped the bombs from an altitude of 1,800 meters, but with poor results. Disappointed, we headed back to the base where we safely landed at 23:50.

These full moon nights couldn't be wasted. And on April 15, 1938 we were flying again. It was our twentieth bombardment. The targets were south of Vinaroz, a road and railroad tracks to Hospitalet Perello. We had the same number of bombs of 50 kilograms each. This time we flew a patrol of four airplanes. Once more, the pilot was Lieutenant Terracciano. Takeoff was at 23:30. The weather was very good. At 00:30 we reached the targets, which were completely covered with dense layers of clouds. We were flying just above them at 900 meters of altitude and our wheels were brushing against this fluffy mass. Aiming at the target was inexact. However, some bombs did fall on the road. We could hear very well from the airplane the dry sounds of our exploding bombs. There was no anti-aircraft reaction from the ground. We could not observe the results on the ground and headed toward our base. We landed at 01:40.

Our airplane was allowed to rest from nocturnal flying for four days. We serviced the plane and equipment and had time to go to the movies. I made a short visit to see Margarita in the pastry shop. On April 19, 1938 we flew a daytime visual reconnaissance flight over Cape Tortosa at an altitude of 4,300 meters. Our pilot again was Lieutenant Terracciano.

On April 20, 1938 we had an attempted twenty-first bombardment. The targets were the roads and railroad tracks toward Tarragona. We had the same twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. It was a Patrol of four planes. Our pilot again was Lieutenant Terracciano. The takeoff was at 01:45. Weather on the island was good. At 03:00 we were navigating at a high altitude of 3,700 meters over very dense layers of clouds. It was very cold. The clouds hindered our search for the targets. Once in a while we could see some small patches of land under us. We heard that the other airplanes in our patrol took advantage of those windows in the clouds to drop the bombs. We were navigating with all taillights on, so we would not get lost from the rest of the patrol. Our Head of the Crew decided not to drop the bombs because he was concerned that they would hit on our National troops' lines. Therefore, we returned with all ammunition aboard. At 04:05 we were approaching the island. Thanks to expert piloting by Lieutenant Terracciano, the landing with the bombs aboard was very successful.

The next night, on April 21, 1938, was our twenty-second bombardment. The targets were the roads south of Castellan de la Plana to Sagunto. We had the same twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. This time we had a patrol of five planes. Our pilot again was Lieutenant Terracciano. Takeoff was at 03:00. The weather was good. At 04:00 we were still in patrol. Under us was a dense layer of clouds, but toward the coast it looked clear. At 04:25 we reached the target and dropped the bombs. In spite of good visibility and a very low altitude of 500 meters the drops were not satisfactory. Some bombs did hit the railroad tracks and one bomb hit the road. We landed on the base at 05:45.

We were on the ground for seventeen days probably due to poor nocturnal visibility. There was plenty of time for maintenance and other housekeeping chores on our plane and equipment. There was also enough time left for the trips in town to visit Margarita and go with her to the movies. Pierin and I played a lot of billiard games and caught up with writing letters home.

I don't remember exactly if it was during this period, but it was during one of the long periods when we were not flying, an International Inspection Delegation arrived at the Legionary Headquarters in Palma de Mallorca. It was supposed to check to see if no foreign troops were stationed on the island. Since we were all wearing legionary uniforms and had filed passports

identifying us as legionaries, they departed satisfied with the apparent adherence to whatever the rules of the international agreement were. It all seemed a big farce to us. It was impossible that it was not known to England and other European countries that several squadrons from the Italian Air Force had volunteered with their airplanes. It seems that all they needed was to save appearances. It was almost obvious that most European governments preferred the Spain under the National forces of General Franco than under the Communist Republic.

In the first week of May we made a daytime flight of visual reconnaissance and flights to Son San Juan. Then on May 11, 1938 we had our twenty-third bombardment. This time the target was the Port of Valencia. We were carrying twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Our pilot again was Lieutenant Terracciano. The takeoff was at 20:45. The weather on the island was good. We were flying at an altitude of 3,700 meters. At 21:55 we reached the target and dropped the bombs. It was a magnificent bombardment. We made a direct hit on the pier of the port causing a fire maybe, or almost certainly, on a ship. The hit was spectacular considering our altitude of 4,000 meters. There was very scarce anti-aircraft reaction. I counted seven searchlights but the anti-aircraft fire was ineffective. We landed at the base at 23:00.

On May 13, 1938 we had our twenty-fourth bombardment. The target was again the Port of Valencia. We had aboard the usual twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. And our pilot was once more Lieutenant Terracciano. Takeoff was at 21:00. The weather was mediocre. The mountains on the island were covered with thick clouds. We were flying at an altitude of 2,200 meters, climbing as we approached the target. At 22:20 we reached the target and just finished dropping the bombs. We were more skillful than I had believed. This time we made a direct hit of our target with more satisfactory results than on the previous night. Almost all bombs did fall directly on the port, where they made a huge explosion followed by a big fire. Our altitude was 3,500 meters. From the ground there was little response from the anti-aircraft guns. We landed at our base after 23:30.

There was an interruption of twenty-five days in my entries in "The Book of Station" for our Airplane Number 4. I do not recall the reason for it. It was about this time that I found out that a sailor from an Italian submarine stationed in the Harbor of Palma de Mallorca was intensively courting Margarita. I had a big quarrel with her because I expected her to be committed to me. I asked her many questions that were popping in my mind one after another. Was she assuming that by making me jealous I would promise to marry her? Or was she calculating that the sailor was a better prospect? Or was she really going out with the Italian young man just for fun? I said that I couldn't figure out what her reason was for it.

But her reply was direct and simple, "You are a very young airman. Today you are here - tomorrow you will be gone. What future is there for me with you? You cannot afford to marry me and take me to Italy because you don't have a steady job waiting there for you. I like you, but I don't want to grow too fond of you."

This incident really upset me. I behaved hastily and asked her to return my photograph and on the next day I returned her photo. We said a cold good-bye to each other and I didn't go to see her anymore.

After my sudden breakup with Margarita, I decided to make a request for a return to Italy. When I told my friend Pierin about my decision, he was glad to join me, as he was impatient to meet his madrina, with whom he thought he was in love by correspondence. We placed a request for a return to Italy with the commander of our group, Lieutenant Cornell Drago, and were waiting for our replacements that were to arrive soon.

There were several days of beautiful weather on the island and Pierin and I went to a nearby small grove to collect snails, which were abundant during that time of the year. Then we asked a woman who lived next to our quarters to cook us the snails with lots of garlic and parsley. They were delicious accompanied with a good bottle of Malaga wine.

On May 30, 1938 the Reds bombarded Palma di Mallorca,²¹ damaging the port and the pier. Some houses were also hit. There was very little overall damage done to the city compared to the bombardment of December 7, 1937. Neither airport in Son San Juan or Saint Bonnet were damaged.

For several days we flew only the reconnaissance flights. On May 30 and June 1 we flew a daytime visual reconnaissance with Lieutenant Pilot Terracciano. Both flights were at a very high altitude of 4,500 meters. The first one was about two hours and a half to the Port of Sagunto and the second one was more than two hours to the Port of Valencia. On June 2 there was another daytime maritime reconnaissance flight with Lieutenant Vecchi. The mission was in the area of Dragonera, Valencia, and Castellon de la Plana. It was a long flight of four hours at a high altitude of 4,000 meters. On June 5 we flew with Second Lieutenant Volonterio to Salinas and Son San Juan. And on June 6 we flew another daytime visual reconnaissance flight off the shores of Barcelona with Second Lieutenant Salandin. It was only a two hour and twenty minute flight at a very high altitude of 4,200 meters.

On June 8, 1938 we flew our twenty-fifth bombardment mission. The target was the Port of San Feliu. We had twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each aboard. The pilot was Captain de Cecco. We were flying at an altitude of 2,500 meters. But because of adverse atmospheric conditions we had to return to the base and land with all cargo of bombs on board. We were lucky that all our pilots had an excellent training and handled the planes so smoothly that we trusted them without any reservations.

Our next mission was on June 16, 1938. It was our twenty-sixth bombardment. The target was again the Port of Valencia. We again had twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each aboard. The pilot was Captain de Cecco. Takeoff was at 00:15. On the island the weather was good with a light haze over the sea. We were flying at an altitude of 2,500 meters. There was good visibility. At 01:30 we reached our target and dropped the bombs. There were five search-lights and very few shots from antiaircraft guns. We made very good direct hits all along the port. There was a big fire in the port caused in the afternoon by the S.79ts from daytime bombardment patrol. We landed after 02:53.

The next day, on June 17, 1938 was our twenty-seventh bombardment. The pilot was again Captain de Cecco. This time there were several changes—we had a completely new target, the Port of Cartagena; our patrol had four planes, and we had four bombs of 250 kilograms each aboard. Before us another patrol of four planes departed for the same target. Cartagena had a reputation for having the best antiaircraft artillery and we were apprehensive about our flight there. We had a takeoff at 00:50. Weather was good. Visibility was optimal. I wrote in the "Book of Station": "It will be a little bit hard to pass the time tonight. We have more than four hours to fly to the target and back. At 02:00 we are at an altitude of 5,000 meters. It is very cold and I have a strong desire to sleep. I am skimming through a magazine to keep myself from falling asleep. We lowered our altitude to 3,800 meters and at 02:50 attacked the port from the rear. There are ten very potent searchlights that sometimes get a glimpse of us. There are numerous shots from their antiaircraft guns. It is very strange; out of the four bombs of 250 kilograms each only one exploded near the dock. From the others three bombs there were no results. So, we also made an acquaintance with Cartagena." We landed at our base after 04:50.

On June 19, 1938 we made the twenty-eighth bombardment. This time our target was Sabadel and specifically one machine shop for assembly and repairs of the airplanes located there. We had aboard twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Aboard were Major Buonamico and an Engineer of Repairs from our squadron. Takeoff was at 01:00. The weather was good. We were flying at an altitude of 3,200 meters. At 03:00 we reached the target and dropped the bombs in

two passes. This tactic usually gave better results than one pass only. This was possible to do because there was very little antiaircraft reaction from the ground. We landed at our base on the island after 04:25.

On June 20, 1938 we had our twenty-ninth bombardment. In the "Book of Station" I wrote: "Tonight there is news that we are flying isolated with twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. The other planes had loaded four bombs of 250 kilograms each. The target is the Airport of Manises near Valencia. Our pilot tonight is Captain de Cecco. Takeoff is at 01:15. The weather is good – one-fourth coverage with high cumulus. At 02:25 we are navigating at an altitude of 2,800 meters between two layers of clouds. The target is almost invisible. They are searching for us from Valencia with searchlights. We are making the second passage over the target to drop the bombs and then proceed to fly back to the base. We landed after 04:14."

For some reason, I signed this entry not as usual only with my initials but with full legionnaire's name, Giulio Villani. Maybe it was in anticipation of my departure back to Italy and I wanted to leave my name in the "Book of Station" for those who would be keeping the records after I was gone.

On June 21, 1938 was our thirtieth bombardment. Our target was the Port of Valencia. Pilot was Major Buonamico. This time we had on board an unusual cargo of ten bomb mines. The takeoff was at 02:25. We were flying at an altitude of 2,800 meters. At 03:40 we reached the target and dropped the bombs. Although there was a heavy haze, our aim was very good. On the ground I counted seven searchlights, but there was very little antiaircraft reaction. We landed at the base after 05:00. This entry I signed with my full real name, Giulio Verro, which I wanted to remain recorded, because nobody knew me by my alias name.

On June 22, 1938 was our thirty-first bombardment. The target was the Port of Barcelona. We had on board the usual twenty bombs of 50 kilograms each. Again the pilot was Major Buonamico. The takeoff was at 02:00. There was vanishing moonlight and one could see very little. We were flying at an altitude of 3,100 meters. Below everything was covered up with clouds. We found the city only after they had switched on their searchlights. To drop the bombs we had to make two passes over the target, one, at 03:15, and the other at 03:45 and then headed toward the island. We landed on our base at 04:50.

June 22, 1938 was my last entry in the "Book of Station" of Airplane Number 4 of the 251st

Squadron Of Nocturnal Bombardment of the Legionary Air Force stationed on the Military Airport of San Bonnet on the Island of Mallorca during the Spanish Civil War. I signed this entry for the last time with my real name, Giulio Verro.

My total record of combat time in flight was 8,555 minutes or 142 hours and 35 minutes, verified and signed by the commandant of our squadron, Captain Pilot G. De Cecco.

Before my departure to Italy Captain De Cecco gave all members of his squadron a souvenir of their participation in the Spanish Civil War. It was a copy of the first page of a major Italian newspaper, "Il Giornale d'Italia."²² It was mailed to him by the general from Rome with the congratulatory inscription: "To Captain De Cecco,² who at the command of a Patrol of S.81's made a hit of a fuel depository in Barcelona during the night of June 7, 1938, I make my sincere congratulations. Rome, 6/10/38. General Veldeoti."²³ The title and the subtitle of the article were: "65 Thousand Tons of Gasoline Are Burning From Tuesday in the Port of Barcelona. The bombardment of the war objectives was executed with fulminate precision by the Legionary Air Force."

On my copy Captain De Cecco made a personal dedication as he made to all members of our squadron who participated in such missions, although neither several others nor I were flying with him on that particular night. It was dated July 9, 1938.

When the two new radiotelegraphers and several other volunteer airmen arrived as replacements for us and for the others who were returning to Italy, we all got back our fictitious passports. Dressed again in our civilian clothes, in which we had arrived, we embarked on the mercantile and passenger ship "Firenze"²⁴ to return to Italy to the Port of Genoa.²⁵

Before departure I told my friend Pierin that after all these years in the Air Force I had found that a military career was too senseless for me and that I had decided that upon my arrival in Italy I would request to be discharged from the military service. He agreed to do the same because he decided that if his madrina accepted his proposal he would get married soon.

Therefore, when we arrived back in our homeland we went to Rome to the headquarters of the Italian air ministry, where we were supposed to check in upon our return from Spain. At the same time we both requested a discharge from military service, which was granted to us, and

we returned to our civilian status.

The last day together we visited the capital of our country, said good-bye to our military career, and promised to keep in touch by writing to each other. As a souvenir of that memorable event and wearing civilian clothes, Pierin and I made one more photo²⁶ in Rome sitting together on a wall of a monument with the background of the statue of the famous King Vittorio Emmanuele II, founder of the reunified Kingdom of Italy.

Dated September 9, 1938 the Italian Air Force Ministry awarded me with La Croce al Merito di Guerra - Cross for War Merits in the Campaign of Spain, with La Medaglia Commemorativa per la Campagna di Spagna. - The Commemorative Medal for the Campaign of Spain, and with La Medaglia di Benemerenza - The Medal of Merit for Volunteers in the Campaign of Spain.

Then in a Decree dated May 2, 1940 I was awarded by the Italian Air Force Ministry La Croce di Guerra al Valor Militare - The Cross of War for Military Valor for the active voluntary mission of war in the Skies of Spain, November 1937 - March 1938.

Although my youthful enthusiasm to be able to fly and to see new places and adventure in foreign lands was rewarded, I learned that a military career was not for me. I was glad to return home to my family and to resume civilian life.

1. Spanish Fascist dictator.

2. Territory in northwestern Africa.

3. Chancellor of Germany and leader of Nazi Party.

4. "The Green Mices" - from an Italian expression Far vedere I sorci verdi - To show the green mice, which means "To amaze or to astonish somebody with their actions."

5. Select Airman, the second rank in Italian Air Force.

6. Quaderno di Stazione, Servizio Radiotelegrafico d'Aeronautica, Stazione AKC, Aeroplano No. 4, della 192 Squadriglia di Bombardamento Terrestre di Aeronautica Italiana (Forlì, Febbraio 24, 1937 - Novembre 20, 1937 [in Italian] [Book of Station, Radiotelegraphic Service, Station AKC, Airplane No.4, 192nd Squadron of Terrestrial Bombardment Formation of Italian Air Force (Forlì, February 24, 1937 - November 20, 1937)] e della 251 Squadriglia di Bombardamento Notturno di Aeronautica Legionaria (Palma de Mallorca, Novembre 21, 1937 - Giugno 22, 1938) [in Italian] [and of the 251st Squadron of Terrestrial Nocturnal Bombardment of the Legionary Air Force (Palma de Mallorca, November 21, 1937 - June 22, 1938)]. Recorded by the Select Airman Radio-Telegrapher Giulio Verro [Giulio Villani, legionnaire's alias] (Seal, 251. Squadriglia, B.N.) [Seal, 251 Squadron, B.N.] Selected pages.

7. Aviazione Legionaria, Stralci Voli di Pace, 251 Squadriglia B.N. Secondo Semestre 1937 - Primo Semestre 1938 [in Italian] [Legionaire Airforce, Excerpts of Peacetime Flights, 251 Squadron B.N, Second semester, 1937 - First Semester 1938]. . From a document issued to AV. SC. R.T. Verro Giulio [Aviere Scelto, Radio-Telegrapher Verro Giulio].

8. Aviazione Legionaria, Stralci Voli di Guerra, 251 Squadriglia B.N. Secondo Semestre 1937 - Primo Semestre 1938 [in Italian] [Legionaire Airforce, Excerpts of Wartime Flights, Second Semester, 1937 - First Semester 1938]. From a document issued to AV. SC. R.T. Verro Giulio [Aviere Scelto, Radio-Telegrapher Verro Giulio].

9. "All for the Fatherland" [in Spanish].

10. Italian island in the Tyrrhenian Sea.

11. A group of Spanish islands in the Mediterranean Sea.

12. Major island of the Balearic Islands.

13. Bombardamento Notturmo [in Italian] - Night bombardment.

14. Head Radio-Telegrapher.

15. From the copy of the Garnet Militar de Identidad [in Spanish] - Military Identity Card.

16. Bats.

17. From the photographs dated: 7/9/37 and 7/12/37 [as of North American convention: month, day, and year. Note that on the photo the dates are stated according to the European convention: day, month, and year].

18. The time throughout this chapter is kept as recorded in the "Quaderno di Stazione" as of the European convention - time begins at 00:01, or one minute past midnight and it ends at 24:00 the following midnight.

19. Cuenca - in English.

20. Leaflets printed in Spanish, private collection of Olga Gladky Verro.

21. From the photographs made after the bombardment.

22. Il Giornale d'Italia, No. 137 [in Italian] (Rome, Friday, June 10, 1938).

23. Name of the general not completely legible.

24. From the photographs aboard the ship "Firenze" - Florence.

25. Italian port in the Tyrrhenian Sea.

26. From the photograph in Rome.